

I'm Outside

I thirsted for a sip of beer, nothing big, maybe not even a whole beer can, just a small sip. It had been too long since the taste had hit my tongue and gone down my throat. I deserved this, my self-obsession and craving to continue this useless habit consumed my entire mind.

I told my kids, Laura and Peter I'd be back before they wake up, they didn't react too harshly, it's not like it's the first time I've went out and left them all by themselves, though it's close to months away since last time.

I stormed out the door and into the car faster than lightning! No time to wave the kids good bye, no need to check, they know what to do. I could already feel that golden liquid being bestowed down my throat.

The car trip felt like forever, my eyes popped(?) out with joy the second the glowing neon sign threw its light upon me. Almost as quick as I left my lair I entered the den of the heretics. I asked for one mug of beer, what the hell, right?

About one hour, ten beers and about three karaoke sing-a-longs, my logic carved its claws into my brain and I decided to set the course for home.

As I drove up the road the lights of the neon signs quickly escaped my back. I drove like an alcoholic that night, thank god I didn't hit anything... or anyone for that matter, maybe I did though, I would've been way too drunk to remember.

As I left the vehicle, walking like an amputee I noticed a bulk on the car. If I wasn't so damn drunk I'd maybe even be able to make out if it was a creature or. I turned my vision away from the car and met up with the door dangerously close to my pale face.

I grabbed the door brutally by the handle and pulled it towards me, but twas not the door which was pulled, oh no, it was me. The

door was locked.

No need to try again, it was locked and I did not have the keys. That's some good keys, I thought to myself knowing they've followed my advice about locking the door. Too obsessed with the beverage I'd forgotten keys. But there is one advice they never took, that is to go to sleep before midnight, I don't blame them, especially not now.

I took up my phone and i called the house main phone. The beeping... beep... beep... beep, there we go, someone took the phone! I pushed out some words "Ey Laura, the door is locked... you mind, you know opening it?" Not the classiest way I could put that request but that wasn't exactly my main priority. She said nothing, just heavy breathing was heard through the phone. It wasn't Laura, these gasps of air was of a man, a big guy. This scared me. I quickly asked, "Who the fuck is this?"

No answers, yet again there was only breathing to be heard.

After my question I just listened, listened to his heavy breathing, no questions, I knew they wouldn't be answered. Eventually this... guy, hung up. It is not a mystery that I quickly called back with my fingers tapping at the phone like a god damn AK. The beeping seemed more horrifying than before.

"Beep... Beep... Beep... make it stop, please someone pick up the phone!"

Did I really want someone to pick it up?

Someone picked it up. "Dad?" thanks angels above, its Laura. "Hello?" she asked, "I'm here Laura, you need to let me in, I... yeah, forgot my keys," I quickly replied. A small pause and some footsteps were heard both inside the house and from the phone followed after my request. "Where are you, dad?" she asked, "I'm right here... outside the door, just look through the peeping hole!" I replied as softly as possible to calm my obviously sleepy Laura. "I am."

At this point shivers were going down my spines. "Just open the door honey, you'll see I'm here".

After some ticks and tacks from the unlocking of the door it slowly opened. There were no one to be seen, I set my foot inside the house and walked towards the stairs as I told my dear, "Alright, Laura, you got me, the jig is over, where are you?"

"Where are you, you're starting to scare me, Dad."

As I went up the stairs slowly losing the false grin from my face I started noticing pieces of glass, the paintings on the wall, all scratched up. I slowed down as if I didn't want to see the outcome, something was wrong. Something was horribly wrong.

As the final steps of the stairs was completed I asked my dear little Laura, "Where is Pete, where are you? What's going on!"

My vision after I had completed the stairs followed a trail of blood leading to something so horrifying, so shocking that I couldn't believe my own eyes. Before my eyes laid the blood soaked corpses of my dear children. Pete, Laura, what has happened? Their faces, oh god... merely recognizable, filled with scratches. Their eyes, pale, glowing compared to the rest of their red faces.

I fell with my knees in the pond of blood, as it splashed across the room as a wave. I observed the corpses for a while as tears fell from my eyes, I didn't know how to react. Suddenly a sound was heard from the phone, I raised it to my ear as I heard Laura say:

"We're right here, Dad."